



## A NEW SONG CALL'D BROTHER BILL AND JAMIMA BROWN

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I was at a railway station, upon the Dublin line,  
I first met my Jamima why should I call her mine,  
Her eyes were bright her hair was light, her dress a morning gown,  
A travelling box beside her wrote on it Jamima Brown.

### CHORUS.

I used to take her every where to all the sights in town,  
But now she left me in despair did naughty Jamima Brown.

At a baby linnen buillling up in Grafton Street  
I first met my Jamima so charming & so sweet,  
She look'd the queen of a sewing mashine I spent ther many a crown  
On collors & stays & Babies caps to gaze on Jamima Brown

One night I went to meet her the weather been warm,  
I seen her fondly leaning on a smart young fellows arm,  
Againstmy will I felt quite ill inquiring with a frown,  
Who's that its only Brother Bill said naughty Jamima Brown

I sayes my dear Jamima if you'd with me agree,  
Upon lomorrow-evening to come unto the play,  
Or to the exibitiod or any place in the town,  
I feel oblige'd indeed kind sir said naughty Jamima Brown,

I want to ask a favour I hope you wont be cross,  
Or think it bad behavior but Father had a loss,  
Wil you kindly lend us fifty pounds my Brother will be bound,  
Of course I would could I refuse my life to Jamima Brown,

I gave to her the fifty pounds but it was all no use,  
For in a short time after you'll find she cook'd my goos  
She hooked it away with Brother to another part of the town  
And left me in the turch to look for naughty Jamima Brown,

Years after that when passing by a soop in Dubl'n Town  
Amidst heaps of greens & kidney-beans stood Jamima Brown  
She was weig'ing of potatoes throw ng copper in the till  
Three lovely little children the image of Brother Bill

I stood there with astoniment as on her I did gaze,  
And when that she beheld me she stood all in amaze,  
Her broken vow I see it now but not my fifty pounds,  
Theshop was bought but I was sold by naughty Jamima Brown,